TRANGE FOLK David Christie QUEER THINGS

Murray Anthor of "A Life's Atonement," "In Direst Peril," etc.

dow. He picked up and laid down a number

of small objects which were exposed for

sale, and left the shop after a stay of three

cousin dined together at the chief hostelry

arrange for him some new start in life, and

in the course of the discussion it was

settled that he should try his fortune in

suaded her to leave the coffee room, and

rest in a private apartment adjoining it.

The landlady prescribed a cup of tea and

went away to prepare it. Hargett, the elder

he would carry the tea to his aunt with his

own hands. A strange meaning was after-

ward given to this solicitude when it trans-

pired that William Hargett was seen to

place the tray upon the landing whilst he

stood on the stair, to lift the lid of the tea-

empty its contents in the form of a white

powder into the tea. He returned the paper

to the waistcoat pocket from which he had

taken it, and carried the tray into the cof-

and remarked upon his pallid and disturbed

appearance. He professed to be unwilling to

disturb his aunt by appearing before her

in so disordered a condition, and he re-

quested his cousin Wearman to carry the

may be summarized with great brevity.

intolerable agonies. The symptoms were of

were both of opinion that the unfortunate

woman had-whether by accident or design

-been poisoned, but they could decide upon

no toxic agent which would produce all the

symptoms they were called upon to diag-

nose. Miss Wearman died at 4 o'clock on

the following morning. Hargett, who had

already been prevented by force from leav-

ing the house, was immediately arrested.

still clinging to it, was found upon him. He

had had countless opportunities of destroy-

ing it, but with that amazing fatuity which

so often characterizes the criminal mind he

had forgotten it. The man made a complete

clean breast of it before his trial. His aunt

had made a will dividing her property

equally between her two nephews. He was

being relentlessly pursued by one particu-

lar creditor, who seemed rather more anx-

ious to ruin his debtor than to recover his

loan. He determined to sacrifice the old

The poison he had employed was home-

made, and I do not specify or describe it,

because it can easily be prepared by any-

body who knows the simple secret. The con-

fession of the murderer was so absolute

that it could have left nothing to be de-

sired, if it had not been for the extraordi-

nary fact that whilst the poison Hargett

confessed to using had been directed

against the action of the heart, and whilst

the action of such a drug was distinctly

traceable, a post-mortem revealed the most

appalling irritation of the alimentary canal.

gett, on his own confession, had adminis-

tered it. The astonishingly diabolical nature

of the truth occurred to nobody until it oc-

curred to Arthur Raby almost on the eve

of the trial. He went hopelessly on circuit,

or almost hopelessly, a polished, quiet, sad-

mannered, courteous gentleman, for whom

nobody seemed to have any kind of value.

On the night before the opening of this

particular eventful assize, he met the two

doctors who were interested in the case,

and they talked the affair over with some

freedom. There was nothing to conceal,

and the whole story was related. He was

interested rather in Robert Wearman than

in William Hargett, and asked what the

doctors thought were idle questions about

him. He was an equal beneficiare under the

him. He was an equal beneficiary under the

It was he who actually carried in the tea.

Why did he escape suspicion? In answer to

noticeable fact revealed was that the man

whatsoever but the clothes he stood in,

save and except an acid drop, and a glass

marble such as children play with. Wear-

"Gentlemen," he said, "I am about to

They both broke out upon him, assuring

properties Hargett had availed himself.

lady to his own necessities.

The incriminating paper, with a powder

tea into the next room.

RABY, K. C.

Raby advises the crown in criminal cases, the counter and helped himself to some and sometimes, but not often, appears in sweetmeats which stood in jars in the wincourt in his own proper person. I forget which of our English wits it was who explained that tobacco is called the "Indian not come from India. The stranger might principle that Raby, K. C., took the title of "Little Boanerges," by which he was popularly known for years. He is a man of very handsome presence, and his address is even singular for its refinement and suavity. He is as little like a Boanerges as can easily be conceived, but the fact is that the nickname was a family inheritance and came to him from his father, who was for years the most eminent of thieves' advocates-a compound of Buzfuz and Jaggers, a buliying and truculent percon, whose constant proclamation it was that he was not to be put down by clamor. The more amiable and submissive a professional adversary was disposed to be the more resolved and determined not to put down by clamor was Boanerges. At the Old Bailey and elsewhere in London his compeers had his measure, and so had the recorder and the lord mayor and the stipendiary magistrates. As a consequence he lacked in town a certain efflorescence of splendor which he displayed outside of it. To see him in his real majesty you had to find him in the country at a petty sessions, where he would terrify the unpaid justices out of their wits, and would so browbeat the clerk and the adverse witnesses and the prosecutor and the police that he was like a magnified Punch broke loose and stunning everybody who came near him with his truncheon. He was a typical bully of the bar at a time when the In truth, he was a florid exaggeration of the type, and the name of Boanerges seemed to express him mildly.

If he were not a bad as well as a dissolute man he might have brought an action against his face for libel. I remember him on the Oxford circuit, where I first saw him. He came bursting into court with that huge inflamed port-wine countenance of his, with its evil bright pig's eyes, and I thought I had never seen a wickeder face. He defended a murderer that day-a brute whose guilt was patent-and not merely patent, but horribly deliberate and cruel-and in his address to the jury he about him, and defied anybody who thought him guilty ever to go to sleep any more, with such a perfection of audacity as I

His income was probably not a large one at any time, for his clients were not, as a rule, among those who can afford to pay thumping fees. He took his son early away from school, and attached him to his own person. The present Mr. Raby, K. C., carried his father's brief bag and picked up his earliest knowledge of criminal jurisprudence-in which he is now an acknowledged master-in the humblest and most fugitive manner. Perhaps nothing more fortunate ever happened to the boy than when that Buzfuz-cum-Jaggers of a father finally went home. He has not bullied a witness, or defled a judge, or cozened a jury, this thirty years.

A friendly solicitor gave little Boanerges his articles, and the boy read industriously and got himself called to the bar, and for many a long day and year wished himself fust that one step in life backward. He had ample time, like Gilbert's prototype of him, to grow tired of third-class journeys and dinners of bread and water. The stuff shabby and threadbare that he was ashamed of it long and long before he saw his first brief. It is very probable that the prosperous and famous Mr. Raby, K. C., found a dinner on three days a week in those bitter years, if, indeed, he could be quite sure of having dined so often.

Curious it is to reflect, and never can cease to be curious, on what unexpected cultured, eminent and universally respected days have languished in obscurity if it fellow-creature; for, though Arthur Raby never laid a hand on Robert Wearman, he neck and pulled the bolt beneath his feet as surely as Calcroft did it all. Robert respected, and Arthur Raby might have haunted the courts until he died of inanition, without any guess of the faculties he carried about with him, if it had not been for one of the strangest of apparent acci-

man himself drew these from one of his Sarah Wearman was a wealthy spinster pockets and held them out to show them who came of a German stock. She was for what they were and threw them into sixty-five years of age, owned a freehold the fire with the remark that he had now farm, a considerable quantity of small no more property than a homeless dog. house property in a midland town, and about £7,000 in consols. She enjoyed roughand soda and withdrew. He was absent ly an income of some £650 a year, and she perhaps an hour, and when he returned the had but two relatives in the world. Of medical men were still in the coffee room. these, one-that Robert Wearman of whom Mr. Raby was very grave and rather pale, mention has already been made-was the and his eyes were unusually bright. He son of her brother, and the second, William made a request that the doctors would ac-Hargett-was her sister's son. These two nephews alike professed to be devoted to company him to his room, and in some wonderment they complied with his desire. her, which, considering the expectations they had, was not very surprising. Hargett complete your diagnosis of the case of Miss was a man approaching middle age. He was a farmer and was generally known to | Sarah Wearman, who came to her death in this house less than three months ago. You, was industrious and frugal, and his aunt's sir," he continued, addressing the elder of reputation for wealth and her known his listeners, "I know to be a justice of the friendship for her nephew helped to keep peace. It will be my duty in a very few minutes to lay before you a charge of murhim in decent position towards his creditors. Robert Wearman was a man of ander against Robert Wearman." other character. He was younger than his cousin by some fifteen years, had lived a him in the most positive terms that Robert Wearman could not by any possibility have wandering life, having sailed for some years before the mast and herded sheep in | been implicated. He had come, so to speak, Australia, and had set up in business by naked from his prison. He had had no ophis aunt's bounty as a tobacconist and toy portunity of purchasing or procuring anything of a dangerous nature, and it had dealer in that very assize town in which he afterward came to be tried for his life. been proved that he was not absent from He was a boon companion and sang a capthe coffee room more than two minutes at ital song. His accomplishments helped him to neglect his business and to run into debt. His creditors pressed him, and his business was distrained upon; he found his way into prison on a judgment summons which he was unable to discharge.

On the day appointed for his release, his aunt and his cousin Hargett drove in a four-wheeled cab to the gaol, and there met the prisoner, whom they conveyed to the chief hotel of the town. On the way thither they passed the shop of which Robert Wearman had lately been deprived, and he made it his business to call there, professing that he had left a favorite pipe and an old penknife behind him. He cracked a joke or two with the new proprietor, and amongst other things he said-parodying the burial service-that he had taken nothing with him into prison, and it was very certain that he had taken nothing out. In illustration of this statement he turned his packets inside out, an act at which the tradesm n's assistant laughed heartily. The pipe and the knife claimed by Wear-

the outside when he had carried the tea tray to his aunt. The barrister listened quietly, and whilst he listened he drew from his pocket a little cornet of twisted paper. This he opened, and set on the top of the scanty chest of drawers, revealing a number of misshapen globules of glass. He took one of these objects in his hand, and asked if its properties were known.

"Why," said one of the doctors, "It's what the children call a Rupert's drop, a man were not found, but whilst they were little tear of glass, which, if you pinch off being sought for the visitor walked round the end of it, flies into an impalpable pow-

"Glass, reduced to an impalpable powder would have a certain perceptible effect on than in the dog-days. Instinct probably the human system if introduced into it?" The doctors looked at each other as men or four minutes only. He, his aunt and his look who are made dumb by an unexpected flash of light, "Mr. Wearman sold these of the town. Their object in meeting was to trifling toys," said Raby. "I have bought my tobacco from the man, and have seen these things in the window. I purchased the whole stock to-night, and I should like an interview with Mr. Wearman in your Shortly after the close of the meal Miss presence, gentlemen. He is staying in the Wearman became unwell. The landlady of house, but is keeping his room out of delithe house, who knew her intimately, percacy for his cousin's predicament."

Mr. Wearman received his listeners with a chastened politeness. But when Raby, ber, especially if the weather be warm, but, with a glittering eye upon him, and without one spoken word, held out towards him nephew, solicitously followed, saying that a Rupert's drop, and with a pinch resolved fish caught average larger than in the early it into seeming nothingness, he made one horrible outcry, and sprang right at the barrister's throat. He was easily secured, the season, but mainly because their appefor all his strength ebbed away from him. He was arrested, charged, tried and hanged on the same scaffold with his cousin, whose pot, to take a paper from his pocket and to trial was postponed in order that both cases might be heard together. There was no collusion between the two villains. Each clear conscience into the bargain.

of intellect either to remember that Wear- catch. man exhibited a foolish child's toy in his The events which immediately succeeded window, or to associate that toy with the symptoms of a baffling irritant poison. Miss Wearman, having drunk the tea, de-"But," he has been known to say to his one veloped alarming symptoms. The doctors friend of late, "it was that and nothing else who were called to her found her enduring which led me to taking silk; and it will be gray variety-that were blown from the that which will give me the knighthood tree at every gust of wind. This knowla most baffling character. The medical men they tell me I am to get by and by."

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FUNERALS IN HOLLAND.

Undertakers Not Allowed to Touch the Bodies of Wives or Mothers. New York Tribune.

things of the funeral customs of that

mother, is called away," she says, "no uncare for her, and leave her lying quietly in her own bed, the very bed upon which she first saw the light of earth, dressed in a the pure white hyacinth, or possibly the

"Meanwhile the 'Aanspreken' goes about from house to house, leaving at each a border, announcing the death and giving the date of the funeral. In some towns when the door is open the man steps inside and reads the announcement in a solemn-

sad days that precede the funeral, and the trying occasion duty again upholds them. knew of an acquaintance who had lost his dearly loved wife, and who stood all one afternoon with his two children beside him. and received over 700 people

"Friends and realatives call during the

That was not produced by any preparation from that simple wayside blossom of whose "Without any divine service, the friend come together on the day of the funeral and start for the cemetery. Out of re-Up to a point the case was clear. Enough spect every neighbor has lowered his of a certain deleterious drug had been adshades thus the street presents a most somministered to cause death. William Har-

think of that funeral carriage. Open upon ports a square canopy, and in the middle a full fringe edging its borders. Even the the horses look through round openings cut | string." for the purpose. Frequently there are four animal, walking with measured tread, past the house where 'mevrouw' was born, past the door, where the women from the provinces are selling their

"The coffin is always of solid oak, pol screws. Wreaths of black and white beads upon the hearse, and cover the coffin. By the side of the hearse walk from eight to twelve men, carriers, dressed in black, about their three-cornered hats, and flowing from the back is a streamer of the same material. Not so many years ago a suggestions and inquiries it turned

a woe he did not feel. had, it appeared, been searched, and the "I am sorry to say that many times I have seen these 'draggers' carriers, on their | ing into the river where the waters of the was literally destitute. He had nothing return from the cemetery, sitting on the from beneath the curtain of black that has been let down under an influence that was spiritual, if not heavenly. In some cities a wheels removed, wooden runners taking water, which is allowed to drip slowly upon the runners to facilitate an easy transit women do not go to the cemetery, only the The briefless barrister finished his whisky long acquaintance will make a speech excomforting the mourners. When the body has been placed in the vault, the last word said, a brass box is passed around, that the poor may not be forgotten, then the friends return to the house, where a luncheon is served.'

Oh, Pilgrim Heart!

Whence go you, oh, my heart, in pilgrim gray, What journey bids you forth so long and late? When white arms beckon, red lips bid you stay, What quest is this that will not let you wait?

Ever I go through many a night and day, Through many a day and night to find my

Nay, but the way is long, oh, pilgrim heart-

What token have you that one waits apart, A joy uncertain at an unknown goal? Long since I heard the voice that bade me start With that strange word wherewith soul calls

And one stands welcoming upon the steep. Now, by what token is she first and best. Now, by what sign shall love his promise keep

Oh, her red lips will laugh when my lips jest. And her sweet eyes will weep when my eyes -Theodosia Garrison, in Era Magazine.



CAUTIOUS. Dr. Watson-Now, speaking of the hash, I ---Heriock Sholmes-Hush-sh-sh! Let us make sure that there are no eavesdroppers before we take up this great mystery!

Habits of the Black Bass

Rocus to a group of fly-fishermen, "After

the first frost the three, four and five-

FEASTED ON BUTTERFLIES.

tells then that the changing temperature of the water means ice later on, and that food will soon become scarce. In my piscatorial experience I have learned a great deal about the habits of the black bass, having observed them in all stages of their existence, in all seasons, and in rivers, ponds and lakes. They consume more food immediately after the spawning period than at any other time. They generally bite less freely in the last half of July and the whole of August. Sometimes they are a little chary in the first two weeks of Septemas a rule September and October are good fishing months and, as I said before, the summer. They become less wary, partly because there are fewer fishermen late in

the trees along the bank of a river it is a leaf as it approaches the water, the fish mistaking the leaf for a moth or butterhad determined separately upon the crime, fly. I have frequently taken advantage of and the peculiarity of Robert Wearman's | the knowledge thus gained (one of the main fee room, where several visitors observed case was that if he had not committed an things in fly-fishing is to learn where the as unerringly on the fly as the gnat hawk act of superrogation he would have had fish are to be found and what they feed on) takes an insect. The butterflies finally reeverything he wanted twice over, and a and cast near where the fish leaped after sumed their flight and the bass disapthe leaf. Sometimes I would be rewarded peared, for I could find none, although I Raby admits that it was not a great feat | with a rise and occasionally with a good fished the place industriously for a quarter of an hour."

GOOD CATCHES IN SUGAR CREEK. "A few years ago, while fishing in Sugar creek, at Bloomingdale, I noticed bass leaping from the water under an overhanging tree. Closer observation showed that the fish were feeding on caterpillers-a fuzzy, edge I quickly put to use. I changed my Next Week: "The Dweller in the Haven." | side cast under the tree. I had a strike at once on the 'stretcher' fly, and while working my fish toward the landing net, another bass took the 'dropper.' They were both lively fish, weighing a pound each, and I had several minutes of good sport trying to land them. Finally they wore each other out by their contrary rushes and leaps and I guided them into the net. I took several more bass from A woman who has enjoyed a long resi- the same place within an hour, the next dence in Holland tells various interesting day caught five, and the third day six, making twenty bass that averaged fully a "When 'mevrouw,' the faithful wife and | tree. This is not a proverbial fish story, and is merely mentioned to illustrate how feeling undertaker will touch that precious fly-fishermen sometimes meet with success body-with the sweetest attention they will by closely observing the habits of fish." "Nearly all fishermen have had the same

experience," said Mr. Perca. "Years ago, before I became educated up to the flysimple nightgown, with the national flower, | fishing standard, I took a mean advantage of a dozen bass that were feeding below the mill at Brooklyn, Ind. The mill is | fish.' on White Lick, a pretty little stream that formidable looking card with a heavy black | empties into White river above Centerton. I was fishing with minnows off the apron of the dam and had met with no success. Just as I was starting down stream I noticed a bass leap from a small pool in the militail and chase a minnow in the swift water under the mill. That was a pointer. I walked around the mill, stood on the bank above the tail race and swung a chub into the swift water under the mill. In a twinkling it was carried into the pool, and before it had passed through the ridge of foam, caused by the churning of the water, it was seized by a bass. In half a minute the fish was on the bank. The minnow was uninjured, and I made a second cast, with the same result as the first. I made thirteeen more casts, landed ten more bass and lost three. Then the mill stopped running and my fishing ended. The fish were small, averaging about three-

TWO GOOD BASS AT ONE TIME. "Speaking of mill-tails," said Mr. Fontinalis, "reminds me of an incident on the Tippecanoe river. With others I was in a fishing, should have proved good hiding out that he had not entirely escaped. He sympathetically wiping his eyes, assuming mill, and while my companions visited the cooked adjacent village I amused myself by castmilitail joined those of the larger stream. leader, and on my second cast hooked two of sunfish and redeyes. fish. It was a difficult place to land them, for the water was swift and deep and I able maneuvering, the fish were drawn to- the reply. ward the platform. By this time half the population of the village was looking on. The landing net had been thrown out of the boat beyond my reach, but a bright boy saw my dilemma and used the net so skill- other dread disease,' I answered. fully that both fish were saved. One bamboo, weighed only six and a half separated.

The big bass are biting now," said Mr. | ounces, and I considered myself fortunate in landing both bass, the situation being against success and the gratuitous advice of the villagers having a tendency to dispounders seem to skirmish more actively concert me. I caught three more in the

Experiences of Fly Fisher-

men related for the Sunday

Close observation the secret

of success in catching bass.

"Mr. Rocus's story of the caterpillars and bass recalls an incident that happened fifteen years ago," said Mr. Salmo. "I was fishing in White river about ten miles below the city, when a large number of butterflies lighted on a small bush that grew at the edge of the water. The butterflies were the large mottled variety, with heavy bodies. The bush was at a bend in the river, where the current was very swift, and some of the branches were so low the water struck them and caused the bush to sway. A few minutes after the arrival of the butterflies I saw a bass leap close to the bush. Then another fish jumped into the air, followed by several more. This performance went on for some time. It looked from where I was standing as if the bass were actually picking the butterflies off the bush, but closer observation disclosed the fact that the swayterflies to loosen their hold and fall toward the water. None touched the surface, but all that did not recover their equilibrium before they were within six inches of the water were lost, for the bass took them

WHAT BLACK BASS EAT. "I believe black bass will eat any living thing they can swallow," said Mr. Esox. "They are not as voracious as pickerel or pike, but their taste is more varied. I -performed an autopsy, you might call itand the result was sometimes surprising. In one stomach I found seven different flies to small gray bucktails and made a kinds of food in a half-digested state. There was a beetle, a moth; a dragon fly, a crawfish, a frog, a sunfish (the bones of which measured one inch and a half across) and a small mouse. The bass weighed three pounds, and its stomach was much distended by the bones of the sunfish. I have found mice in the stomachs of other bass. Indeed, the largest bass I ever saw caught was by a boy who was using mice for bait. He told me that while walking along the bank of the river near his home he had disturbed a nest of field mice and that two of them had jumped into the wapound, all caught under the overhanging | ter. A few seconds later he saw them both swallowed by fish. Since then he had used mice for bait whenever he could find them. The bass I saw him catch weighed five and

a half pounds. It was a small-mouth." "My investigation of the food of bass has shown me," said Mr. Rocus, "that they prefer insects to minnows. Scores of the stomachs I have examined contained more bugs, moths and butterflies than small

"That is also true of the trout," Mr. Fon-

"And the salmon too, the small ones es pecially," said Mr. Salmo "I have found insects in the stomachs o grayling, but not in large quantities," Mr. Thymallus said.

FISH SHOULD BE KILLED. Mr. Esox switched the topic to the questo kill a fish when taken from the water than to permit it to die slowly on a string

"Well," said Mr. Perca, "any fisherman

who permits a fish to die slowly after catching it, and then cooks and eats it, is a cruel man who has little regard for his health: he is only one degree less than a murderer. A fish out of its element gasps putting a wounded quail in an air-tight quarters of a pound, but they made a nice | it served as food. Or, to put it another tied her chickens housewife who water, letting there until boat floating down the river from Warsaw | Fish that are permitted to die slowly are to Monticello by easy stages. Bass were not fit for food, especially if the weather not plenty. The upper part of the river be warm. They become soft and semiwas full of logs, and, by all the rules of putrid in a short time. When caught fish places for bass, but few were found, al- needle which I insert just back of the Further | head. If the fish be large a knife point is preferable to the needle. Then if the blood stream did not yield much better results. be washed off, and the fish is wrapped in Even the pools below the dams generally wet moss or grass, it will remain fresh

"A seemingly intelligent young man told fishing trip to a little lake in Wabash I had two Lord Baltimore flies tied to the | county that he had caught large numbers

" 'What did you do with them?' I asked. "Threw them into the bottom of the was standing in the stern of the boat, boat or put them into a basket until we got which was tied to a platform. However, through fishing; then took them home and in the course of ten minutes, by consider- had them for breakfast next morning,' was

> " 'Permitted the fish to strangle or suffocate in the hot sun and then ate them? " 'Yes; anything wrong?'

" 'Not if you are courting leprosy or some

"He's a respectable young murderer. weighed a pound and a quarter and the however, and I have hopes of converting other nearly two pounds. My rod, a split | him," said Mr. Esox, as the fly fishermen

NOT BY LONGSTREET'S ORDER.

New Story of Gettysburg's Fatal Crisis Told by Pickett. New Orleans Picayune.

General Wilson, of the old army, during conversation with some friends in New York recently, related a conversation with General Pickett upon the subject of Gettys-

"Pickett, Longstreet and myself were old West Pointers and warm friends," said General Wilson.

"At the close of our late unpleasantness I was sitting in my office on State street. when who should enter by my old friend, General Pickett. We had not met before since the commencement of the war and had many things to talk about.

"In the course of conversation I re marked: 'You had a pretty close call at Gettysburg, didn't you, Pickett?'

"'Yes,' he said, 'but let me tell you something about my charge that has never been published: When orders were given to form the column of attack I formed the column and then rode through the ranks to see if everything was right. As I finished this inspection I rode to the rear to report to General Longstreet and to receive orders to move. I found Longstreet sitting on the top rail of a fence whittling a stick. Saluting the general, I said, "General, my

eral, with the same result. A third time I reported. The general was still sitting on the fence. As I received no answer I re-marked: 'General, if I am to make the

charge it must be made now or it will be too late. Shall I make the charge?' With out saying a word he simply bowed his head. I immediately rode off and made the charge, and you know the result. "When I asked," said General Wilson, "how he accounted for Longstreet's course, he said he believed that Longstreet was opposed to the movement and delayed giving him orders, hoping that General Lee

would change his mind and countermand Who can tell what would have been the result if Longstreet had given Pickett orders to charge when he first reported to him? His failure to obey General Lee's orders gave the federals ample time to consolidate their forces, and allowing Pickett to charge after the federal troops had been massed cannot but be regarded as a criminal indifference to results and to the lives

Where Rosemary Blows by the Sea. The summer is passing. A prescient tint
Is blent with the blossoms that border the As I list to the cricket's reiterant strain. The charms that are fleeting grow dear as they

The joy of the spring dweils in beauty to be; And the grace that is latest I clasp to my heart. Where the Rosemary blows by the sea.

The song of the birds in the winter is still.

Their carols are borne to a sunnier shore; But the lay of the billows no north wind can The blast from the Norland may whiten the Far dearer is the beauty that nothing can stay, Where the Rosen, ary blows by the sea.

Receiving no answer from the general, and waiting a reasonable time, I returned to my command and again rode through the ranks.

"'A second time I reported to the general, with the same result. It loves with a fondness that never can fice— And that is the message I've wandered to find, Where the Rosemary blows by the sea. -Samuel Minturn Peck, in the Boston Trans

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